

Dean Ward
Recommends
"Hughie's"

PAY DIRT

State's Home Only Home Owned Newspaper

Please Do
Patronize Our
Advertisers

Vol. XXIII, No. 23

January 8, 1937

Friday

Fire Hose Brings Down House

"Let 'Em Eat Cake!"

"Fix Those Fire Hoses!"

State's wholehearted fight for recognition of its needs by the powers that be in Sacramento has drawn one response that should be of great interest to students here.

Because State's delegates, on their visit to the capitol to present State's case to the highest official of California, happened to mention that among other deplorable conditions existing here, the fire hoses were leaky, and dilapidated, some wag (his initials are F. M.) issued a classic reply to their plea in a letter to A. C. R.

"Fix those fire hoses!" he said.

Pay Dirt nominates F. M. to the Hall of Fame, there to take his place beside the renowned author of that other, only slightly less brilliant statement.

"Let 'Em Eat Cake."

Staters, do you want a new College Hall instead of the splintery fire trap you have now?

"Fix those fire hoses!"

Do you want buildings and a campus with enough space to accommodate the overflow of students here?

"Fix those fire hoses!"

Do you want a decent looking school, one that you and San Francisco could be proud of?

"Fix those fire hoses!"

Do you want a roomy, more convenient library? A new gym?

"Fix those fire hoses!"

That's all there is to it, Staters, and it comes from one who knows. All you have to do is fix those fire hoses, and when you have them patched up, you can sit back and gaze on the old familiar surroundings of the antediluvian College Hall and reflect that it is a cause for great gratification to all concerned that we have such sage advisers to guide our College's career from Mt. Olympus on the Sacramento.

For a man who protested so volubly that "he didn't even know the girl" to the cracks in the last Razz issue, Irwin "Daily Stater" "A-E-Gator" Bischoff is certainly going to town with Dot Fox, who'd just as soon he wouldn't.

PUB. BORED WANTS ANNUAL DICTATORSHIP

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—Moving swiftly, the Board of Publications today started an offensive drive to capture control of the 1937 Franciscan. The Bored troops were concentrating in the bowels of Fred. Burk and were massing equipment for a sally to the heights of Buchanan Street to attack the fortress of the Franciscan, the Publication's Office.

"We demand that the control of this momentous book be left in our hands. We want all the fun of letting the contracts and getting the plaudits. We are supreme." This was the sentiment voiced by the commanding officers of the Bored.

Preparing for the siege was the embryo staff of the famous publication. Sandbags were being laid around the windows and light artillery was being massed in the defense of the historic office.

"We'll never give in," declared one of the defenders awaiting the battle, "we do all the work and get no glory except the surprise of being named at the Publications Dinner. If they want to put out the book, all right. We're going to fight."

War correspondents were pouring into San Francisco to await the start of hostilities.

Lawn Sitters Have Wet Panties

Why is our spacious (?) campus lawn always damp at noon? Many sunny afternoons students have had to refrain from relaxing on the lawn because of the dampness. The gardener must water in the morning when he surely knows that the best time to water is in the evening at sun down.

It is bad enough to have only one patch of grass at State but when the students can't even use it without discomfort, then it is almost worthless.

Of course we realize that in the winter nothing will dry properly, but during the fall it also was wet. Here's hoping the gardener will remedy the condition this spring.

Quote from letter to Jack Warren: "Trusting that the debate will be friendly, enlightening, but non-decision, I remain, Ralph Eckert (San Jose coach)."

O'Shay Named College Mascot

Timothy O'Shay was appointed college mascot a few weeks ago by the unanimous vote of Erwin Bischoff, who turned the other cheek to the faculty which once slapped him down, and Lady 1/2-Witt-Diamant, local journalistic whizz and holder of desultory discussions in occasional classes.

Now, we of this rag, which we smilingly term a newspaper, are not really opposed to the better class canines. We didn't even complain when Bischoff's mouth-piece, the Stater, so gallantly stated that Timothy might as well eat in the cafeteria as certain members of this sheet.

And though we don't give a whoop how many offspring Mr. O'Shay has, nor how many doughnuts and plum puddings he has eaten, we do object to hearing about it and to turning State any further into a kennel.

Many hitching posts to you, Timothy, and many fire hydrants, but please stay away from State and especially the cafe. (See Cop ad.)

Epic Game

Discontented From Page Three

Clara Black struck out and Jane (Sluggo) Sanderson hit a high foul which was caught by Walters, after he climbed half way up in the bleachers. Four runs scored.

For our team Powers batted first, in the last part of the fifth. He made a clean hit, past short-stop, and reached second, but was called out because he jostled Sarah at first base. After Sarah stopped crying the game went on.

Fisk and Fenton to put on a cooch dance.

Proxies Outrule Prexies At Executive Bored

By HOW DE MEEK

Junior Class President, Member of the Board of Publications and only person to hold two elective offices at same time.

The executive bored is RULED by only one prexy, but when it comes to proxies "we got millions of them." It is getting to such a state when President Cockrum calls a meeting there is rarely an elected member present.

It is believed that a record was set when two people showed up to a meeting that knew each other. Latest acquisitions, who had to be introduced, were Jim "Big Mouth" Seawrong, stooge of Edwin A. Cahill, so called junior prexy; Ed "Black" Smith, chief sap of Shirly Sunk, slopomore misleader.

A Question

Mr. Smith, of course, has been well known to the audience of gallery hound(s) who bother to wade through the smoke-filled arena to see the antics of State's three ring circus. He was conveniently placed in charge of the squawkie system which nets him a small piece of change. Incidentally, Miss Sunk, HIGH sophomore prexy, is a LOW sophomore in classification (some fun, eh, registrar, what with a lower division treasurer!) AND speaking of Barreled Hops-kiln, who runs the Exec. Bored while the prexy's there?

Multiple Choice

Multiple choice examination: (you can't miss). The closest mouth on the Exec. Bored belongs to (a) Gus Smith; (b) Marry An Irwin; (c) Jim Seewrong. The REAL president of the student body is: (a) Darryl Hopkins; (b) Daryl Hopkins; (c) Dare L. Hopkins.

The only person ever to hold positions on the Executive Bored and Publications Bored simultaneously is: (a) How DeMeek; (b) Howard Demuck; (c) H. Demeke.

The location of the next trip that the S. B. prexy and treasurer (purely business you understand) will take will be to: (a) Los Angeles; (b) Pasadena; (c) Seattle.

Continued on Page 4

STATE WINS TERRI

STUFF BOX

Chief Dirt Digger.....Harold Jacobs
First Mucker.....Hypatia Scordellis
Second Same.....Izzy Gomez
Anotha Ditto.....Carola Beetz
Featured Idiot.....Monk Delma
Ad-Getter.....Frank Muldoon
Faculty Unadvisor.....Perry Bale
Poser-in-Chief.....Montez Hoover
D. of P....."Precious Clarice"
Bored of Publications—
We don't give a continental.

Herein Lies Some Very Choice Dirt

The Pussyfoot Reporter

Earle Bradley went to a corner store the other night and bought some groceries from the pretty blonde across the counter. He forgot something and returned to the store again. The blonde said, "Ah, I see you have come back to see me." Bradley was very embarrassed and so ran out of the store. We understand that he goes three blocks out of his way for the groceries now. Some fellows are like that. It is rumored that Bob Chamberlain is a devout "woman hater." However, actions speak louder than words—sooooo! Nelson is at it again, yes and Frank Muldoon is right there when it comes lunch time.

And if you like nice tales ask Jean Davenport how far it is to Reno... have you heard the raucous voice and blatant bellowing of the doughty Delta Sigma-ite, J. Wallace Gallagher, telling the world how many semesters it has taken him to attain sophomore standing. Was it some seven or eight semesters, J. W. G.?

Mr. Cassidy is going to be nice and kind hearted. He's recommended that all Journalism classes be abolished next semester. We hear that he is tired of correcting papers of the up and coming journalists of the college. . . .

We wonder why Jack Martin, who thinks he's State's would be banjo player, walks down the hall to art room 211 every Monday and Wednesday morning. Could it be Victoria's fetching smiles?

We heard that: Marshal Blum is making headway with Clarice, since someone left a Will. And Bud Necker is going places with Sudrey Atewart. Bobby Links is awfully quiet, since he left the Exec. Bored.

Table Sitting Faculty Members

With Dr. Leonard Ascher and Mr. Sommerville Thompson showing the way, table sitting, the modern method of lecturing, is greatly increasing in popularity here and is expected to completely overshadow, in time, the present method of pacing still employed by such old-fashioned instructors as Messrs. Edward Cassidy and George Gibson.

Ascher First

Table sitting was first introduced by Dr. Ascher, who has been sitting for several semesters. He stalks into the room, places a hand on the table, executes a push-up and spring, and alights gracefully on his perch, from which vantage point he proceeds to lecture, deaf to the applause of his appreciative audience.

Rumor has it that upon an occasion Dr. Ascher, feeling extra fit, pushed too hard and sprang too energetically. This display of strength necessitated much cat-like agility on the part of Dr. Ascher in order for him to make a two-point landing in back of the table.

Thompson Too

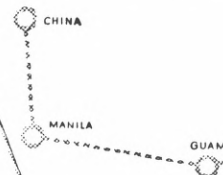
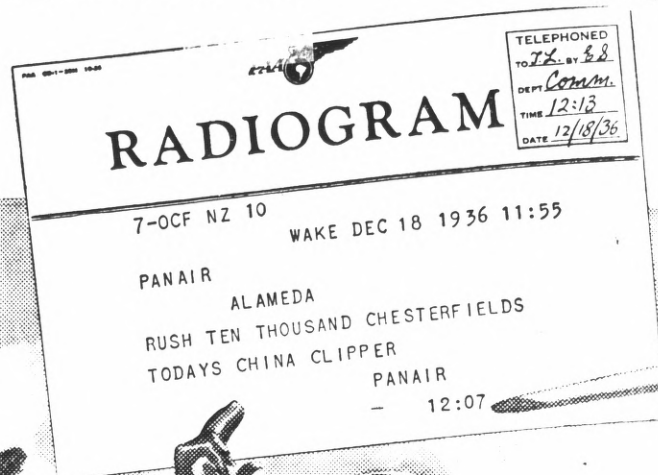
Mr. Thompson adopted table-sitting this term, and was agreeably surprised when members of his classes appeared more alert and attentive than was their usual custom. Little did he realize that the gleam in their eyes was one of expectancy—that they were patiently awaiting an exhibition of unintentional tumbling on the part of their trustful instructor.

Thompson has since proved himself a most far-seeing individual, however, and his pupils have begun to lose hope. Thompson takes thoughtful precautions against vaulting over the table on his ear. He climbs onto the table from a chair and has met with no mishap as yet.

Black and White Nails -- What Next!

Can it be that Pat McNamara is losing her "style setting" ability? Or is it just that State is not England, and she is not Mrs. Wally Simpson?

No one appreciates her black and white nails, especially not to copy them. Being that they are the most appropriate thing

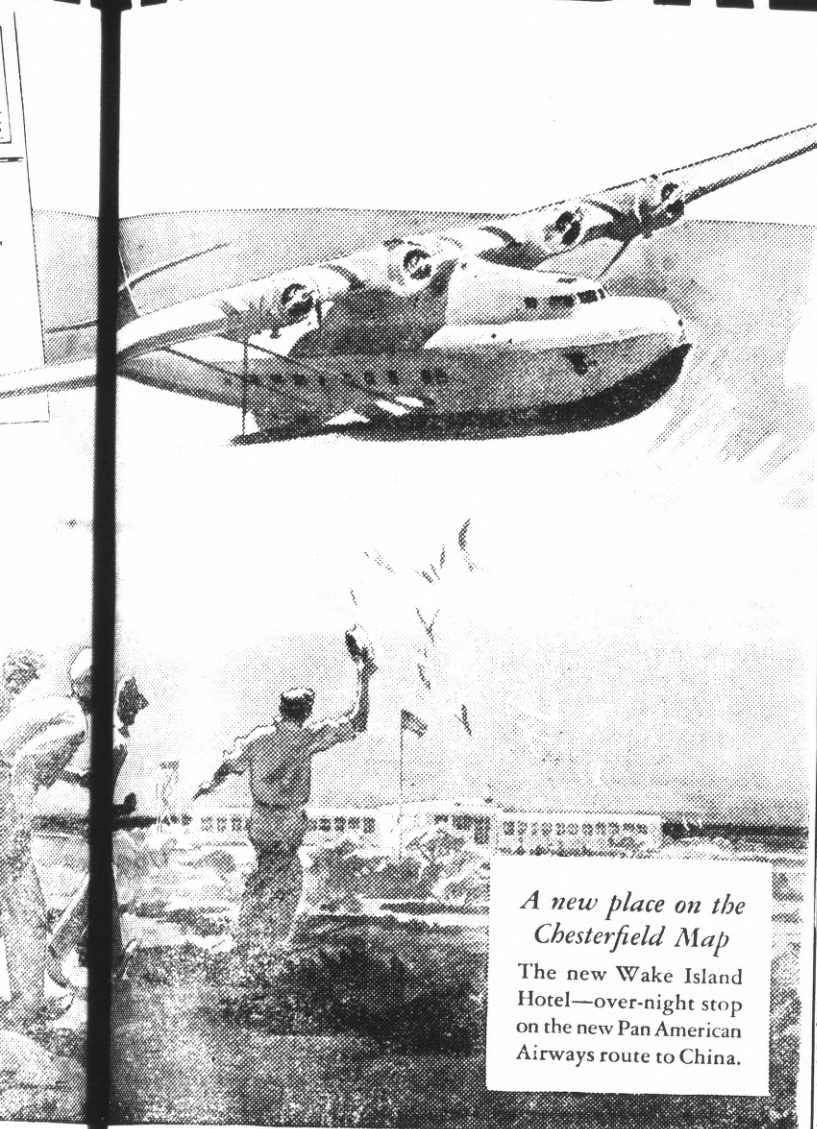


Carrying more pleasure for people... giving smokers... Chesterfields are new cru

From Wake Island miles out the Pacific Ocean, Pan Airway flashed this radio:

"RUSH TEN THOUSAND CHESTERFIELD TODAY'S CHINA C

ERIFIC BALL GAME



*A new place on the
Chesterfield Map*

The new Wake Island
Hotel—over-night stop
on the new Pan American
Airways route to China.

On a new cruise

re please more people
smokers they want
fields are new cruise.

ake Island miles out in
Ocean, Pan Airways
radio:

THOUSANDS OF CHESTERFIELDS
CHINA C

At three o'clock that afternoon the
Chesterfields were on their way. Four
days later back came the message:

"CHESTERFIELDS JUST ARRIVED.
FAST WORK.

PANAIR WAKE."

When smokers find out the good
things Chesterfields give them ...

nothing else will do

NINTH INNING IS A DECIDING FACTOR IN THE GAME

By RONALD LINDLOW

Seven months ago today, State won its first baseball game of the 1936 season. Our opponents were the Hamburg Female Academy. It was hard fought and closely contested, and it wasn't until the ninth inning that the game was decided.

Cowell Gives Term Report

The stage was set—the hour had come to give that all-important term paper. Hours of study and research had been spent on the topic.

The student rose unsteadily from his seat and managed to get to the front of the room. A silence, then—"My topic is, Government in Pago Pago."

"My references are from Blotz' History and Red's Blue Book. Go ahead, Mrs. Cowell."

Might We Suggest That—

Carola Beetz buy a comb.

Registrar's office try reading Emily Post's on how to be polite and also remember that they are State paid employees and if it wasn't for the students, they wouldn't have a job.

Ed Smith, remember he is now in College and should grow up. Also discard the fifteen cent store jewelry.

That Pauline Quirk would give up over W. J. J. J. J. It's no use. That Trudy Boyle would pick herself a NICE boy friend.

That the Daily Stater would pay their printing bills that were contracted about a year ago.

That Jack Werchick would stop running for offices. Some day he will surprise himself and get elected to somepin'.

Bob Links read his name here. He is so very fond of getting into print.

Dean Ward get the NYA payroll straight. It is so very confusing not to know why you are paid or why.

That we keep still about Varsity Theater, the whole experiment (Bischoff's Folly) didn't go off as well as everyone thought.

That College Theater get a good play once in a while and that "Casey" keep the censor scissors out of the manuscript.

Then rallying nobly about its captain, our team refused to be defeated. The final score was 50 to 43, seventeen runs being scored in the last inning, when with great brain-work our coach Hal Hardin released eight field mice from a cardboard box. During the confusion following, our team scored at will. A protest, however, was made by the Academy on the unfair tactics of our coach, but that is as far as it went.

It will take only one inning to show how this game progressed. In the fifth inning Pansy Mortimer opened for the visitors with a terrific hit half way to the pitcher's box. She was put out cleanly, but when the entire visiting team gathered about the umpire and called him "an old meany" he reversed his decision.

Dora Dandy (alias Dumb Dora) who came next at bat, insisted on standing on the plate, and was hit by the first pitched ball. When she recovered from hysterics, she was given her base. Pansy, who was on second walked over to third and would cleanly have been out, if she had not threatened to stick Walters, our third baseman, with a pin. Walters being a gentleman of discretion, promptly dropped the ball and couldn't find it until the runner was safe on the bag.

Bertha Ruth (alias Big Bertha) struck out, but was given her base by the umpire, when she claimed Powell had pitched the ball so fast she couldn't see it. With bases loaded Sarah Bell sent up a high foul, which was caught by Bogdanoff, our first baseman.

She was called out, but the runners came home and refused to go back to their bases, stating that they were so tired that they could not walk that far. Lena Hunt made eyes at our pitcher and walked, scoring a moment later when Kitty Katz (alias Pussy) swung at the first pitched ball, a wild pitch and ran to first.

Lena neglected to make a circuit of the bases, explaining that she didn't like our second baseman and refused to go near him.

Contented On Page One

We Don't Like This - Do You?

Generally it is accepted by thinking people that a student that is working his way through college is one to be admired and everything is done to encourage such efforts. Not so with Miss Edith Pickard, science prof and unfortunately one of the people who greeted and signed cards for freshmen last term.

Let us go back to the beginning of the term. College was just beginning; there was confusion for all. To a new freshman, it seemed like one great muddle, but out of it all came the intense desire for a college education.

Not being of the wealthier people, he has found work that would enable him to work part of the night and go to college in the days.

He had had some years of waiting before this dream had come true. He was finally at college, a place to work hard, gain knowledge and make the social contacts that are so important to later life.

With a timid gesture he handed the registration card over for final approval from the prof, who was Miss Pickard, in this case.

"So you're another one of those people who expect to work your way through school, expecting to get sympathy and grades from all instructors just because of that!"

From then on she went on at a great rate to denounce such ambitions. The freshman was seen leaving her in very much of a

A REPORTER'S MOAN:

By Milda Iffert

What's the matter with certain club presidents who seem to think that their position makes them superior beings? Reference is made particularly to those individuals who have such an over-inflated ego that it is impossible for them to be tolerant with the reporter who misspells a name.

Misspelling a name—now isn't that a tragedy—is extremely easy due to the many foreign influences in the English language. These unique individuals, however, are so narrow-minded that they must "blow-up" at every error in a ridiculous attempt to exhibit their superiority.

Then too, there are the club presidents who refuse to give reporters any information because a previous news story was not printed. The reporters don't run the paper, and, therefore, can hardly be expected to guarantee publication of the "precious club news." The managing editor may change the plan of the page, or more important news may come in eliminating the club material.

We, the reporters, are only human, and, as such have many imperfections. If the club presidents would only take that factor into consideration, they would be much more popular with the journalism group.

Fine attitude, don't you think? We should have more of it. Especially when State so proudly boasts that more students are willing and able to work their way through this school than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF DELTA SIGMA

1. Kenneth M. King, coach and general director, leaves our midst to take up duties at Hayward High School.

2. President Jack Werchick becomes debate coach, debate manager, and only member of the State debate team willing to keep up the standards of the past.

3. Rose objects just a little (football took up too much time for him to object more).

4. State (Werchick and Links) meets California.

5. Selection of teams for tournament in Pasadena.

6. Rose objects—he hasn't any time for debating—so no one else should go.

7. Rose and Bischoff scheduled to meet California (Rose sick? Too sick to prepare a debate.)

8. Rose and Bischoff take book out of library. Rose objects. No one prepared a brief for him.

9. Rose and Bischoff attend an Alpha Phi Gamma convention—excuse me—I mean—Western Teacher's of Speech tournament (expenses paid).

10. Bischoff and Rose from a victorious???? conquest of the South.

We Are Waiting For

Dean Ward to endorse a brand of beer.

A Daily Stater that will be more than 1.75% fact.

A rhyme in one of Cliff Worth's poems.

Madge Karney to speak softly.

Hypatia Scordalis to find out Len Coplestone is married.

State Sweet Shop

MILKSHAKES
SANDWICHES
and LUNCHES
The Best Food In Town

Nuts To Some Advisory Profs

By a Poor Stoooge

Don't mind me, I'm just a stoooge around this y'ere institution. They say I'm a major in liberal arts, but the only art that I can find around here is the buck passers' art.

Don't mind me, I'm just a poor stoooge. I wanted to transfer my major. I started out bright and early in the morning, dashed up to the adviser, waited and waited, finally got in.

The Adviser didn't know from nothing. It sent me to another advisor, who sent me to another and finally sent me running around in circles.

Believe it or not, I was an English major when I went in to see the person in charge. Now I am a major in physical ed. although I don't know a domino from a tidleweink piece.

But that is the great system of State.

Bored

Continued from Page 1

Representative for a jeweler and Exec. Bored member (who incidentally, buy gold pins each year) is: (a) Joe Bush; (b) Rose Bush; (c) Will Wearum. Best egotist on the bored is: (a) How DeMeek; (b) Ed Smith; (c) all the board; (c) Seewrong; (d)—(oh, mark any of 'em here).

Faery Tale

And so we'll close this little fairy tale (similar to what Delta Stigma told the Bored) with the moral: "For bigger gains, don't join the football team, try the Exec. Bored"; or "If you want a piece-full life, stay away from the Exec. Council."

Owen's Artistic Haircutting Shop

Haircutting as "YOU" Like It
Four Barbers — Prompt Service
547 HAIGHT STREET
Opposite Midtown Theater Union Shop
Ladies and Gentlemen

Let's Meet at

HUGHIE'S

Junction Inn

ANNEX C
100 Valencia Street

Evergood Bakery and Creamery

500 HAIGHT STREET
INVITES YOU TO VISIT ITS NEWLY ADDED FOUNTAIN
QUICK LUNCH-SERVICE — EXCELLENT SANDWICHES — GIANT MILKSHAKES
HOME-MADE ICE CREAM

QUALITY FLOWER SHOP

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
554 Clement St. N.E. Cor. 7th Ave.
Phones: SKyline 2214 — SKyline 2215
FREE DELIVERY
J. KRUG A. REUBEN

NO DOGS ALLOWED



O'Shay Can You See